paw like that——as if Dinah hadn't washed you this morning! You see, Kitty, it *must* have been either me or the Red King. He was part of my dream, of course——but then I was part of his dream, too! *Was* it the Red King, Kitty? You were his wife, my dear, so you ought to know——Oh, Kitty, *do* help to settle it! I'm sure your paw can wait!" But the provoking kitten only began on the other paw, and pretended it hadn't heard the question.

Which do *you* think it was?

A BOAT, beneath a sunny sky,
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July——

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear——

Long has paled that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

LEWIS CARROLL *Through the Looking-Glass* (Illustrated by John Tenniel) LONDON, 1891 THE BURSTEIN COLLECTION Octavo